

To Be Or Not To Be

BETTY HAWKINS

Personality-analysis tests fascinate me. I spend hours brooding over magazine pages entitled *How Well do You Know Yourself? . . . So You Think You're Smart? . . . Do You Have a Sense of Humour? . . . Are You Kind to Animals and Morons?*

Cooperatively, I carefully record my favorite color, perfume, poem, deoderant, and soft drink; my feelings toward dogs, red, high voices, black nail polish, fainting women, and clean saddles; my preference between being hot or cold, gay or morbid, brainy or brainless, pretty or chic, goonish or ghoulish.

My classifications are often amazing. On one occasion I repeated a test six weeks after my original trial — *What Does the Postman Think of You?*, I believe it was — only to find that in that short time I had been transferred from section AB to sec-

tion BA. This changed my status from that of Jerk to Merely Uninteresting. I keep wondering if my postman knows.

At another time I found that I was unable to give several answers, due to lack of experience in the line of questioning — it concerned the degree of privacy I demand from my spouse. Because of this, I shall never know whether I am an "x" or a "y". I would really prefer being a "y" since it seems that a husband would rather come home to a "y" than shoot craps with the boys, while with an "x" the choice is negligible.

All of my experiences with this amazing form of entertainment have been likewise highly unsatisfactory. Yet, personality-analysis tests continue to fascinate me.

Rains Fall

MARY CORY

This rain falls like powder from a fair lady's fluffy puff;
It falls on lamp posts, diamonds on her dresser;
Grass lawns, velvet wrappings for the lady,
Now filmy, covered with this rain.

This rain falls as sand from some small boy's hand;
It falls on barefoot mountains in his play;
It pelts down the smooth brown cliffs and goes between his toes;
Now rushing down a canyon into a sea below.

This rain falls like music to a blind musician's ear;
It has a strange beat and rhythm and melody to hear.
The rain is an inspiration for some great symphony;
It forms a perfect background for a murder mystery.